

To the conditions of the time may be largely attributed certain features of its journalism, and of at least one branch of its literature, fiction. Again and again the most prominent articles in the majority of the Paris newspapers (only five or six of which were serious political organs) dealt with such women as Cora Pearl, Giulia Barucci, Anna Deslions, and Esther Guimond ; such men as Worth, the dressmaker, Markowski, the dancing master, Gramont-Caderousse, the spendthrift, and Mangin, the charlatan. The average boulevardian novel beautified vice, set it amid all the glamour of romance. The adulterous woman was an angel, the courtesan quite a delightful creature, her trade a mere *mignon*. The lovers, the seducers, were always handsome, high-minded, exceptionally virile, irresistible; while the deceived husbands were of every kind,— odious, tragic, pathetic, *delonnair*, or simply ridiculous. And every "intrigue" was steeped in an odour of musk and suffused with a cloud of *poudre-de-riz*.

At the same time some of the great writers of the July Monarchy were still living. But if Hugo, the Olympian veteran, showed little sign of decay, either with his "Chansons des Rues et des Bois," or his "Travailleurs de la Mer," Dumas the elder was now at his last stage, and George

Sand, bound by an agreement to the "ReVue
des Deux
Mondes," was deluging its readers with the
mere milk and
water of "Laura" and similar productions,
though she
treated others — as a result, perhaps, of the
vitiated taste of
the hour — to such strong and unsavoury meat
as "Elle et
Lui," to which Paul de Musset retorted with
his pungent
relevt, "Lui et Elle." The recluse of Nohant was
to produce
good work yet, but that she herself should
publicly flaunt